

GRADUATION EDITION

TOIKE OIKE



TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY,
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY.

Vol. XXIII

FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1932

No. 8

THE DEAN'S MESSAGE

Gentlemen:

'As you approach the end of another session, you wonder where the time has gone since last September. This year seems to have passed so quickly that one wonders if the University academic session is not somehow too short. Perhaps it is! Would you like to consider making it two weeks longer—in the Autumn Term? How would it do to come about the middle of September and make the two terms more nearly equal?

To you of the Fourth Year, now coming down the stretch of the last lap, it must be cheering, but perhaps a bit sad. You will shortly be leaving these halls, these lecture rooms and laboratories, and, saddest of all, be separating from your comrades and going on your own ways out into the world. Come back again betimes and see us—and perhaps you will tell your successors how much easier the work was in *your* day!

You who will remain will have your next year to look forward to—the session of 1932-33, and all the new kinds of work and new activities it will bring to you. These prospects, too, must be heartening—or will be, after you are safely over the hurdles next month. Let us hope that you will come back with new resolves and fresh ideals and be ready to put into your seven months of a new year's work as much "M V Squared" as you can accumulate in the vacation.

May all of you, of the First, Second and Third Years, have the best of success in April, then a busy and prosperous summer, and a happy return in September.

May you of the Fourth Year go out into a waiting world with the best of prospects for the coming year and many successful ones to follow—all in Canada.

C. H. MITCHELL,
Dean.

GRADUATION DANCE

Yes! at this time of year we all have that sinking feeling as the fateful hour approaches. We all realize how much work there is yet to be done and how little we are prepared for the tail-twisting exams in April. We can't spare any more time from study—yet—"Oh—the Graduation Dance—we can't miss that."

What do you think, boys? The final party in the Ballroom of the Royal York Hotel. Cabaret style, you know, with a good sit down supper to supply the pep to last you through the small hours of the morning. Dean Dolson and his Nine Masters of Melody are furnishing the music—a good bunch of fellows, fresh from an engagement at the Silver Slipper. Punch will flow freely, novelties will be supplied, and the last rally-round of 3T2 should go down in history. Tickets to members are only \$3.00 and every man should be out. To make the party seem like old times, we are gathering in a select few who used to be with us but who have such an over-abundance of "School Spirit" that they are staying around for another year or so. Let us show them a good party.

Thus ends this message. Each man can do his little bit in helping the dance along. Come out to it, with your pals, and try to lift the roof off while you are there. "All work and no play, etc.," is an agreeable motto—so we'll see you Friday night.

NOTICE TO FOURTH YEAR

Will all Fourth Year men please make sure that the Alumni Office has heard whether or not they will be present at the dinner given to the graduating class by the Engineering Alumni, on Wednesday night.

Graduating men are also reminded that they may become non-resident members of Hart House, if living away from Toronto, at \$3 a year. This carries with it use of Hart House when in Toronto, and the privilege of stopping there at very reasonable rates.

NEW PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Well, gentlemen, this "Graduation Edition" of "Toike Oike" is something new and something different. None of us can go to the files and dig up an old one to see what Joe Fish wrote back in 1911. However, the thought that first comes to the surface with me, for I am always in deep water about this time of year, is to "tell the gentlemen how highly honoured and pleased" you are, etc. But fooling aside, I do appreciate the privilege I have been given.

My biggest task now is to prove to you that you have made no mistake in your choice. This will require hard work on my part and patience on yours. The retiring President has made a notable success of his tenure of office and has set a high standard for those who follow. The demands on his time, energy and ingenuity have been heavy, but he has come out on top. Throughout the year, Mr. Jewett has received the co-operation of an interested and conscientious executive. This always makes big things possible. So, when we grab the old rudder as he lets go, let's all pull together. If you are called on to help on committees or organizing work, jump right to it as you have done in the past. This spirit of co-operation is a source of great amazement to other faculties, and rightly so, for it is highly developed here in "School."

The executive you have chosen to work with the new president looks to be a good one. It will contain old and seasoned, as well as new, material. So things look bright to me for a great year ahead. Thanks again for your confidence and I will certainly try my best to justify it. Another matter, of minor importance of course, is that we all have to get our year; that is what we are here for. So best of luck in your exams, boys, and a pleasant summer to you all.

STEWART BALL.

TO-NIGHT  GRADUATION DANCE  ROYAL YORK

The Toike Oike

Devoted to the interests of the Under-graduates of the Faculty of Applied Science.

Published Every Now and Then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto.

TOIKE OIKE STAFF

Editor—W. S. Smith.

Assistants—

3rd Year—W. W. Westaway.

2nd Year—D. F. Fraser

1st Year—G. D. Wood.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

President—E. S. Jewett.

First Vice-President—E. A. Black.

Second Vice-President—J. S. Ball.

Treasurer—M. McKillop

Secretary—C. W. Tyson.

Pres. Ath. Assn.—R. A. Adams.

Director of Publications and Publicity

—M. M. Hendrick.

CLUB CHAIRMEN

Architectural—H. H. Roberts.

Chemical—A. B. Green.

Civil—D. R. McQueen.

Debates—R. B. Bryce.

Electrical—J. E. Boyle.

Mechanical—W. H. Bowes.

Mining and Metallurgical — B. S. Crocker.

YEAR PRESIDENTS

Fourth Year J. L. Donaldson

Third Year W. D. Smith

Second Year R. W. Anderson

First Year D. B. Bruce

EDITORIAL

We do not like to blow our own horn—but who can do it better than ourselves? In spite of the depression the *Toike Oike* has completed a bumper year. All previous publication records have been surpassed with this edition. The censorship, to be true, has been strict, but we feel that the morality and purity of an otherwise notorious "sheet" has been creditably upheld. However, we are a proud faculty and we have presented a paper that we hope you too are proud of. This edition marks the last *Toike Oike* for this year and until next fall—please stand by for the Freshman Edition.

CHEMICAL CLUB

THANKS

Few positions around School are without reward—but few as they are, in my opinion, the most thankless of them are the club, year and secretary-treasurer positions. I make this then the last official utterance of my tenure in expressing most sincere appreciation of the work done by the men in the above offices. May your president-elect be supported in the future by an equal display of enthusiasm and industry in these quarters. Consider this, you electors, when you choose these men next year.

Cheerio!

ARTHUR B. GREEN.

CIVIL CLUB

At last the Civil Club Dinner has been arranged. After great and lengthy deliberation, a time, a place and a speaker have been secured. On Monday evening, March 21st, at the Engineers' Club, situated on the top floor of the Atlas Building on Bay Street, we will gather to listen to Mr. Gore of the firm of Gore, Nasmith and Storrie, Consulting Engineers. His message is bound to be of interest to all Civil Engineers and every man of Department 1 should attend. The Engineers' Club is indeed a smart place for a dinner and your time and money will be well expended if you attend.

D. R. McQUEEN,

Chairman.

WHO WANTS \$5.00?

Any second year man can tell you that the value of money has gone up. So we are expecting a land office business at the Oratorical Contest of the Debates Club.

In this event, for five minutes thinking and five minutes speaking, you can earn, or at least get, \$5, or \$3, or \$1 in prize money. You can figure it out at a rate per month and you will see that it is better pay than any graduate for the first 75 years after graduation.

Anybody can enter this contest. There will be a list to sign in the Engineering Society next week. It takes very little time, and no preparation, to compete. You might as well get the money as the next man.

Watch for the announcement of the time and place.

The method used is to allow each man to draw three subjects from a large group, select one and return the others. He has five minutes for preparation and five minutes to talk. Competent judges, usually staff members, award the prize.

R. B. BRYCE,

Chairman.

3T5 EFFERVESCES

Now is the time when School men turn to their hookahs for comfort. Now is the time when the tenebrious propinquity of the final examinations tends to embitter the so-called minds of all School men, forcing them to utter terminological inexactitudes regarding valetudinarianism for the benefit of labs. they missed.

But don't let 3T5 be discouraged by this. Don't let the tenuity of this calamity coerce any of us into killing ourselves by means of a petronel (this is not a gas engine—just a horse pistol). On the horizon, beside the well worn silver lining, is a horde of frosh—officially known as 3T6. On them shall we wreak our vengeance. On them shall we inflict the tortures already practised upon us during our early University infancy. Eggs unused by 3T4 sophs last fall have been carefully stored away in order that at the psychological moment an odoriferous effluvia may permeate the atmosphere giving to the School building that essential homelike quality necessary to bring tears to the eyes of the frosh and render him useless for the rest of the battle.

But to get back to our theme—the exams are upon us. We have been taken unawares. We haven't a chance to escape. So, quoting the words of Mrs. Zilch Skunk—"Let us spray."

THE SOPHOMORE SAGE SAYS—

Another year has passed into the discard and there are some who view its passing with a deep sense of gratitude, but to most of us the dying embers of another academic year are tinged with a great deal of regret. This milestone in our hitherto hectic career marks the transition from the childish period of boyhood to the dignified and adolescent period of young manhood. Never more may we experience the thrill of personal and strenuous combat or the fierce and hilarious enjoyment of initiations, for next year we become juniors and as such must temper our actions with a certain amount of decorum and gravity befitting our changed status. Nevertheless, who can blame us if now and then in our natural effort to retain that youthful exhilaration which is an integral part of ourselves, we slip from the heights of our exalted position and join again in the revels of those who come after.

In the term just passed, 3T4 has risen high in the firmament of not only S.P.S. but of the University as a whole. It is true we started the year with a great handicap, and it was

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ELECTION

The din of hammers meeting iron anvils, the raucous brassy notes of cornets blown by blind freshmen, the incessant grinding of an organ by a greasy Greek and his monkey, the bang and pop of giant crackers, the unending yelling and ballyhooing of enthusiastic candidates, the tattoo of a drum and the haunting wail of the bagpipes dispelling the usual serenity of the campus, ushered in another School Election. One of the best parades in the annals of S.P.S. history snake-danced from Hart House across the grimy campus to the Engineering Building led by four leading Communists with their red flags. Cars were bounced, women and defenceless children were rudely jostled from the sidewalk into the gushing spring freshet flowing madly along in the gutter, trolley poles on the Interfaculty Street Cars were roughly pulled off, and until to-morrow at this time—Dozens of "Dripping" plainclothesmen and flat-footed "Robbies" rushed the inebriated Medicals and Artsmen off the scene to the cooler. The Medical Building seemed to block the passage of the parade, so it was razed to the ground with celerity. Everything with a skirt on and red lips was forced to !\$)%%.. (censored).

However, let's get back to where we started and forget about those rough and uncouth happenings of elections in the past (at least as they are now reported). After the parade the doorways of the little red Schoolhouse were taxed to capacity as everybody rushed in to vote. The candidates were right on the job with their stale candy, peanuts and century-old cigars. An hour of hurried campaigning and voting finished things. The crowd soon dispersed to the four winds, and despite the Faculty's proclamation that school would proceed as usual the show girls at the Roxy and Empire had an unusually vociferous audience that afternoon and no doubt wondered where bedlam had been let loose.

Due to the inability to rent the Second Year Drafting Room for the evening, the after-election meeting was held in Hart House. With Bill Algie as master of ceremonies, a regular "Olympic Games" was held in the Big Gym. In the West Common Room Schoolmen were taught why "Sailors Don't Care." Then everyone rushed to the Great Hall, and while the election results were flashed on the wall, gulped down the ice cream and cider provided there.

On the whole, everything being equal, the day was rather a decided success.

ELECTION RESULTS

ENGINEERING SOCIETY

President—J. S. Ball.

First Vice-President—M. McKillop.

Second Vice-President—C. W. Tyson.

Treasurer—L. C. Benson.

Secretary—D. B. Bruce.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President—J. R. Fitzpatrick.

Vice-President—E. H. Sinclair.

Secretary-Treasurer—H. K. C. McNichol.

3T3 Representative—L. J. Lichty.

3T4 Representative—E. R. Eaton.

3T5 Representative—G. H. Scott.

CLUB CHAIRMEN

Architectural Club—G. R. Whale.

Chemical Club—W. J. Beynon.

Civil Club—J. J. A. Howe.

Debating Club—H. C. Herz.

Electrical Club—M. A. McKay.

Mechanical Club—W. R. Coulter.

Mining and Metallurgical Club—F. V. C. Hewett.

PERMANENT EXECUTIVE 3T2

President—E. S. Jewett.

Vice-Presidents — J. L. Donaldson, M. M. Hendrick.

Secretary-Treasurer—E. A. Peaker.

Councillors — E. A. Black, A. B. Green, D. R. McQueen, J. E. Thom, R. B. Bryce.

EXECUTIVE 3T3

President—F. R. West.

Vice-President—C. J. Bridgland.

Secretary-Treasurer—M. J. Werry.

EXECUTIVE 3T4

President—W. M. Kellett.

Vice-President—H. L. Shepherd.

Secretary-Treasurer—H. J. Wilkinson.

EXECUTIVE 3T5

President—D. G. Ritchie.

Vice-President—N. M. Kelly.

Secretary-Treasurer — W. R. Alexander.

BRONZE "S"

R. A. Adams.

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indeed a task to surpass the great example set by our predecessors. We've hitched our wagon to the star—can we hold it there? With such able leaders as you have chosen for the coming year, it should be a cinch, but the leaders can't do much without the co-operation of everyone in the year. That has certainly been the greatest feature in the success of 3T4 in the past year, and the retiring executive wish to take this opportunity of expressing their gratitude for the support they have received, and urge that you continue the good work under your new president.

BOB ANDERSON.

OUR ASSOCIATES AND INTERESTS ABOUT SCHOOL

President's Message

To most of us this is a depressing period in the year. The close proximity of examinations and the prospect of parting from our associates and intertsts in the school for nearly five months do not tend to create a very cheerful state of mind. However, life is life, and the disagreeable and agreeable must be taken together.

To those of us who are about to leave School for the last time, it is especially depressing. During the past four years we have enjoyed the privileges, the hardships and the joys of being undergraduates, and now we are about to step into new fields of endeavour. We can only vaguely estimate what the future holds for us, but come what may, we can always look back to our days at School and bring back the memory of many an exciting moment.

But enough of this. We have had one of the best years in the history of School. Though our athletic teams have not taken championships in every case, they have all been well up in the running, and have maintained School's prestige in University athletics. Our social affairs have, as usual, been successful. Business in the Engineering Society has been good, and we have been able to cancel a large indebtedness to the University and to establish a loan fund for Schoolmen. And Engineering Society's meetings have had record attendances.

You have elected a capable executive for next year. They will undoubtedly encounter many problems, the first probably being that of encouraging club activities. As most of you are aware, much can be gained by taking an active interest in your club. Make up your mind now that next year you will support your club, and that you will attend its meetings and banquets. Remember, your club will be able to give you more benefit if it has adequate support. Get behind it and push.

May I take this opportunity to thank the members of the Engineering Society Executive and those Schoolmen who through the sacrifice of their time and energy have made this past year so successful.

Well, Schoolmen, the examinations approach. To work! And best wishes for success.

Yours sincerely,

E. S. JEWETT.

"ON TO GLORY"

After one false start, in which some apparently didn't even get on the ballot, 3T2 finally succeeded in selecting for itself an aggregation of councillors, philosophers and financial experts to guide its ramifying footsteps to the four corners of the globe and ultimately to the softest jobs in the country.

For a figure-head we have the Jewett boy—movie star and president extraordinary. He cuts quite a figure on the campus now, especially in a mortar board (and he'll have a fine head after the party to-night), so naturally he was lifted into office as the only suitable candidate. A couple of well known loafers were dumped into the vice-presidencies. Logie, our financial wizard, who always gets slightly flushed around the gills when he toasts the King (being so patriotic) can be depended on to keep the fees up and the profits down; and little Maxie, our ballyhoo spreader who is always exercising his Adam's apple but has yet to make a really bright remark, was so astounded at being elected after a record hitherto unblemished by victory that he immediately took to his bed for a week.

The boys very wisely picked our star heavyweight to do the real work and welcomed Ed. Peaker to the Secretary-Treasurership. Ed. will have to throw more than javelins and pull more than oars if he's going to keep track of all the brethren; but with the grand view he must have from that altitude, straying grads should be quickly spotted.

The deadwood of this organization are very picturesquely called "Councillors"—probably because Councillors are supposed to advise and nobody ever pays any attention to advice. And have we an imposing list of councillors?

Ernie Black, our one social light, who refuses to court (officially) after 3 a.m., is suspicious of the clergy as after-dinner speakers and prepares voluminous reports with a broad grin for the guidance of future generations.

Dunc. McQueen, who can be counted on to take the shirt off anybody in any honest game, but has troubles with heavy artillery.

Bob Bryce, who is a law unto himself on any dance floor but gets along

not badly on the "floor of the house," especially if he can denounce the curriculum.

Art Green, our one true scientist who can be depended upon to produce any desired colour, sound or smell out of a bottle on request.

Ed. Thom, a true politician who believed that what the people didn't know wouldn't hurt them, and who has since changed his mind about the "unshrinkability" of modern neckwear.

It's a fine executive—3T2 is to be congratulated on selecting men of such calibre and moral worth. A few ideas, some money, a little ambition, enough time, an opportunity or two, more money, some co-operation, an office, still more money, the 100 per cent. backing of the brethren, a few good ideas, the will to succeed, a couple of jobs for the graduates, a little financial support and somebody to help Ed. Peaker—there's no telling where we may not end. But then, they say the modern jail is a very fine institution.

PERMANENT EXECUTIVE MESSAGE

Our last elections are over and the final executive of 3T2 has been ordained. The continuity of our existence as a class organization depends on these men who have just been elected to office. Jewett will make a good president but cannot be expected to carry the whole burden himself, and the responsibility of supplying the necessary support rests fully on the men in the ranks.

Tentative plans of the executive can be summarized as follows:

(1) The preparation of a list of proposed business and home addresses.

(2) The collection of a nominal fee to finance activities until the next official reunion.

(3) The staging of dinners and stag parties at definite intervals as required by the number of men available at any one place.

(4) That each man should communicate with the Secretary-Treasurer, Ed. Peaker, at 135 Jameson Avenue, Toronto, immediate change of address or business, and any news of general interest to the year.

(5) The formation of branches of the class organization in various localities.

WE REMOVE THE OLD STRAW HAT TO—

SPENCE JEWETT—for being such an able president and still managing to attend a lecture a week.

ERNIE BLACK—for running such grand functions and having such a good time at them—sober.

LOGIE DONALDSON—for having such a tight hold on the pocket book—the Scotchman.

MAX HENDRICK—for having his fingers in so many pies at once and not getting burnt.

RALPH ADAMS—for his flying feet.

STEW BALL—for being such a serious minded storekeeper and especially his daily phone calls at noon.

MAC McKILLOP—for his heart-rending soprano solos at noon while counting the cash.

JACK FISHER—for refusing to have his snooty snuzzle snipped at School Nite.

BOB BRYCE—for being able to "kill the cow" as well as any other debater.

BILL ALGIE—for the ability to shoot the bull verbally but not ballistically.

WARREN BOWES—for being such a maniac at the piano when broadcasting.

JACK BOYLE—for staging such a successful club smoker.

ART GREEN—for having the best bang-up club in the faculty.

DUNC McQUEEN—for teaching so many of the little angels the wiles of poker.

BUNNY CROCKER — for successfully winning so many other fellows' girls with his lisp.

STAN SMITH—for publishing so many Toike Oikes and not being expelled yet.

PALTER PINCHELL.

Any suggestions as to future plans will be welcomed, and the hope has been expressed that each man will put his shoulder to the wheel and do his share in keeping up the spirit that has lasted through the four years of undergraduate activity.

J. L. DONALDSON,
Vice-President.

GET GOING - -

Only 12 More School Days Left